

## HOROSCOPE

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1919.

GOOD and evil influences contend today, according to astrology. While Saturn and Uranus are adverse, the Sun and Mercury are in benefic aspect.

There will continue to be a nationwide tendency to criticize, owing to the sinister power of Uranus and Saturn. This will be more marked than it has been and will affect congress and state legislatures, persons who have places in the Sun being severely judged and often unjustly attacked.

During this away motives will be analyzed and actions misinterpreted, while many secrets will be uncovered. There is a sign promising sensations written for newspapers and private uses.

This should be a fortunate rule for

**Certainly!**  
**Charlie Vowell**  
Will speak at  
**LIBERTY HALL**

Friday Night, 8 P. M., Feb. 28.

Everybody Invited—Ladies Especially.  
(Political Advertisement.)

## Travelette

By NIKSAR.

JAPANESE WRESTLING.

WRESTLING holds just about the place in Japan that baseball holds in this country. There are great national organizations of wrestlers that hold annual matches and tour the country, just like our major leagues. There are also minor leagues and "bush leagues" among the wrestlers.

The analogy is completed by the fact that all over Japan young men rather in vacant lots on summer evenings and have amateur wrestling matches.

This Japanese wrestling is not the "Jujitsu" which has been so widely advertised in this country. In Japan this wonderful method of fighting is regarded not as a sport but as a means of self defense. The wrestling which occupies such a high place as a spectacle and a pastime is a rather stupid game of pushing, pulling and lifting, in which brute force and weight count for more than anything else. The professional wrestler is a person of rather low intelligence, but will display in the ring a remarkable cunning and resourcefulness of the animal sort.

Children born on this day are likely to be clever and industrious, but exacting and hard to satisfy. They probably will be talented.—Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Cartes & Co. buy Liberty Bonds—Adv.

## Talks On Safety.

AUTOMOBILISTS AND THE SIGNAL.

PROPER signals are not acts of courtesy—they are absolutely vital to safety.

The driver behind you is not a mind-reader; and every driver should guard his own safety and that of other drivers by the following signals:

1. The outstretched hand—
2. When pulling away from curb.
3. When turning at intersections.
4. When turning in street.
5. When changing course.
6. The arm above head—
7. When stopping.
8. The sounding of the horn—
9. When passing overtaken vehicles.

Every day the danger is increasing. Strict obedience to the laws of the state is incumbent on every citizen.

often the event degenerates into a long grunting contest of push and pull. It is dull and uninteresting to the spectators, but the Japanese fans find it intensely interesting and extra are gotten out to announce the outcome.

**SOLDIER REJOINS POLICE.**  
Earl Larkin, who was granted a leave of absence from the El Paso police department for the duration of the war, has returned from service overseas, where he was with the 53d division. Larkin is returning to duty on the police force on March 1.

**JUDGE COLDWELL SICK.**  
Judge Ballard Coldwell was absent from the 5th district court Thursday, on account of illness. Cases coming up before Judge Coldwell were postponed until his condition is improved.

## SCHOOL DAYS

McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

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By DWIG

Oh, he's dead stuck on you all right, I seen that right away from the way he smiled when he sat me about you. He's that there curly haired barber with the "big black mustache" what works in the barber shop in the basement of the court house—you kin see him as you walk past to the meat market by just sort o' glancin' in, like—an he's nearly always playin' on the guitar on a-whistlin' or else combin' his hair. He sat me all about you, whether or not you already had a regular feller an' what gin I'd take a note to you—



The way of a man with a maid—

## Bedtime Stories For The Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE EGGS.

By HOWARD GABES.

"NURSE JANE, have you any chocolate cake in the bungalow?" asked Uncle Wiggly one day, as he poked his pink, twinkling nose just past the door where the muskrat lady was washing the dishes.

"Chocolate cake? Why, no, Uncle Wiggly, I am sorry to say we have not a bit in the place," answered Nurse Jane.

"Can you make some?" the bunny wanted to know.

"I could if I had some eggs," she answered. "I need eggs to make a cake, and I just used the last egg making an omelet for your breakfast."

"Oh, well, if eggs are all you need to make a chocolate cake, I'll soon fix that," said Uncle Wiggly. "I'll go over to Mrs. Chick-Cluck, the hen lady mother of Charlie and Arabella Chick, and get a lot of eggs."

"All right," said Nurse Jane, as she dusted off the dishpan. "Take a basket and bring me some eggs, and I'll make the chocolate cake."

So, a little later, wearing his tall, shiny silk hat, with his pink nose twinkling like a bean bag, and humming along in a red, white and blue striped rump suit, Uncle Wiggly set off over the fields and through the woods, to the hen lady's coop.

"Here for a chocolate cake? Certainly, as many as you wish," called Mrs. Chick-Cluck, when the bunny totted her what he wanted.

So she filled up Uncle Wiggly's basket for him, and back the rabbit gentleman started toward his hollow stump bungalow with the eggs, twinkling on the way how good the chocolate cake would taste after Nurse Jane had made it.

But alas! the chocolate cake always seems to be happening Uncle Wiggly! All of a sudden, as he was carefully, carefully hopping along, with the basket of eggs on his back, out from behind a snow bank jumped the bad old Skuddlemaoos.

"This is my lucky day," said Uncle Wiggly. "Did you want to see me?"

"Yes, and more than that," said the Skuddlemaoos. "You're going to take you off to my pen with me."

"Oh, dear," sighed the bunny rabbit gentleman. "Oh, please, good Mr. Skuddlemaoos, don't take me off to your den! Please, don't!"

"Yes, I shall!" exclaimed the unpleasant chap.

"But what about these eggs?" asked Uncle Wiggly, as he held out, in the basket, those with which Nurse Jane was going to make a chocolate cake. "What about the eggs?"

"Oh! As if I cared for eggs!" said the Skuddlemaoos, scornful like. "Tut! Tut! That for an egg!"

And before Uncle Wiggly could stop him, the Skuddlemaoos, scolding like, took the basket and cracked it open the side of a flat stump which was nearby. I mean the Skuddlemaoos cracked an egg, not the basket.

The white and the yellow of the egg ran out on top of the flat stump, making it look something like an omelet.

"That for your eggs?" sneered the Skuddlemaoos.

"Oh, dear!" said Uncle Wiggly. "This is quite too bad! Oh, if he takes an egg that way, what will he do to me? I wonder how I can get away from this bad chap."

Then, as Uncle Wiggly saw the sticky white of the broken egg trickling slowly over the flat top part of the stump, the bunny rabbit thought of something to do.

"Look here, Mr. Skuddlemaoos," said Uncle Wiggly, "suppose we all sit down and talk a while. You sit down on the stump and I'll sit on the snow bank, as I want to keep cool. We'll sit and talk, and maybe you will think of something better to do than taking me off to your den."

"No!" said the Skuddlemaoos. "I will not sit with you and talk to you. You sit with you and take you to my den. No you won't!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "You're stuck fast. You can't get up to chase after me!"

And the Skuddlemaoos couldn't get up, for the sticky white of the broken egg, which he had animal fast on the stump like glue, so he couldn't rise up to take the bunny. There the Skuddlemaoos was stuck.

And it served him right, I am inclined to think. For the Uncle Wiggly he hurried home with the rest of the eggs, and Nurse Jane made a fine chocolate cake, and the Skuddle-

## STOMACH DISTRESS ENDS WHEN BLOOD REGAINS QUALITY

This Illinois Woman Suffered Until the Tonic Treatment Brought Relief.

Pleasant anticipation of food is one of the greatest aids to digestion, but the person who knows that every mouthful of food he eats will be followed by a certain amount of distress in the form of dizziness, vomiting, sleeplessness and weakness, cannot anticipate meals with pleasure. Eating is no joy for him. It is something which must be endured even at the cost of suffering.

Good blood is an aid to digestion and there can be no perfect digestion without an abundant supply of rich, red blood. In stomach trouble, therefore, the blood must be looked after. Proof of the value of the tonic treatment of the blood in stomach trouble is found in the results attained by the use of this particular tonic by Mrs. Herman Dassel of 717 East Adams street, Springfield, Ill. She says:

"Irregular eating and lack of exercise brought on my stomach trouble about four years ago. Up until a few months ago I was unable to find anything that would help me. I suffered intense pain after eating with shortness of breath and another sensation while doing my work. I fared quickly and had severe headaches."

"I saw an announcement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a newspaper and decided to give them a trial. I felt better before I had taken a full box. Gradually the pain in my stomach disappeared and I can now eat most any kind of food without distress. I no longer have another sensation and I feel much stronger and do not tire so easily at my work. I am always glad to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for I know that they helped me."

If you have any of the symptoms that Mrs. Dassel describes try building up the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Eat nourishing food, exercise a little in the open air daily and watch the color return to cheeks and lips. You run on risk in giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial as they can not injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50. Write for a free copy of the booklet "Building Up the Blood."—Ad.

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## Hogwallow News

Dunk Bette, Regular Correspondent.

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**Hungry as a bear—remember?**  
**And then, oh how those**  
**buckwheat cakes did taste!**

You'd been romping in the cold wind, or had been out bright and early to do some of the chores—and when you came in all glowing and "perfectly famished"—what a breakfast you found! Buckwheat cakes—a big heaping plateful of them! Piping hot and so rich and tender that in no time at all you had finished one "set" and were calling for another!

How long is it since you've enjoyed that good old breakfast? Have Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Cakes tomorrow—give your lazy appetite something real again!

Made the Aunt Jemima way you'll find them exceptionally good. And they're so easy to make! All you need is a package of Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour. Everything, even the sweet milk, comes already mixed in the flour—the simple addition of water makes buckwheat cakes that your family says "taste like more!" Cakes so wonderfully rich and tender you'll find yourself enjoying breakfast as you haven't done since your strenuous, famished boyhood days!

Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour comes in a yellow package—the regular package is red. Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri.



"I see in town, Honey!"



**AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEAT FLOUR**

In the Yellow Package

Copyright, 1919, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

## DEAR FOLKS:

THE manager of the Employment Bureau where all of the men laborers in the Wilson & Company plant, Chicago, are employed, invited me to sit in his office all of one morning and look over the men who applied for jobs. I accepted his invitation and I had a most interesting experience. I will tell you about it.

In the first place I heard practically every man say: "I want to work here, boss, because Wilson & Company treat men right and you give them a chance to get higher up in the ranks when they make good!"

In the second place I noticed, with great personal satisfaction, that the manager treated every applicant for a job with as much courtesy as if he were receiving him in his own home.

In the third place, I got the surprise of my life when I saw men, who had been told by the manager that he could not give them anything to do just then, leave the office with a smile and a thank you.

I wondered why men could smile and say thank you after being told that there was nothing for them to do. So I asked one of them what there was to smile about and why he said thank you, and he said, in effect, this:

"Oh, the boss, there is kind to everybody and I like kindness. I know he would give me a job if he could. I am coming back again until I get a job with this company. I want to work here because I am sure of getting a square deal."

And he went away happy; so did the others.

However, men keep on applying for work in the Wilson & Company plant in spite of the fact that they know the company is always full with laborers who never want to leave their jobs.

The manager is the type that Mr. Wilson selects to deal with his army of workers. He won't have a man unless love for his fellows is thoroughly developed in him—unless he is a good judge of human nature—unless he has the quality of selecting workers who will keep up the good fellowship and the loyal spirit that exists so markedly in all departments of the Wilson & Company plant.

He made no mistake in choosing the manager of the Men's Employment Bureau, who is a man of big frame, big heart, big character and with a big idea of his duty toward his company and toward his fellow man.

Among the number who applied for jobs while I was in the manager's office was a soldier in uniform. His appearance and manner and conversation indicated that he was a refined, educated man.

The manager told him that he guessed he had made a mistake in applying to him for a job—that evidently he wanted an office position or, perhaps, wanted to go on the road as a salesman—that he employed men only who were willing to work with their hands. Mark what this soldier said:

"No, I don't want an easy job. I found myself overseas. Living in trenches and going over the top made a different man of me. That hard work gave me health and strength. I never felt better in my life. I want to keep my body as healthy and as strong as it is now. I want a job that requires the use of my hands, arms, legs, shoulders, feet. I can use my head, too, in doing manual labor. I want very much to work in this company. I hear everybody speak so well of the organization. I will appreciate it greatly if you will give me an opportunity to work as a laborer. I'll take my chance on working my way up. The president of your company got to the top by starting at the bottom of the ladder. Maybe I can climb to the top, too, if I am not too particular about the kind of work I start to do."

The manager said to him: "You are all right, my lad; you've got the right stuff in you. Come here next Monday and I will start you to work. We want men of your grit."

He came to work the following Monday. He has already made a hit with his fellow-workmen.

They like him a lot and are very proud of him.

They are true-blue Americans and think a soldier who was in fight over there is the kind of pal they want to tie up to.

They think very often of their fellow-workers who went overseas but will never come back.

I want to tell you, folks, that it does a fellow a lot of good to get next to the hearts of real people.

The heart in the Wilson & Company organization shows everywhere. It does not play hide-and-seek. It comes right out in the open. There is no difficulty in tagging it.

I am going to give you my next week letter a very funny story about a fellow of a girl—23 years old—was in the inspiring leader in the ranks of over 1,500 women workers in the Wilson & Company plant.

Sincerely, William F. Bowman,  
131 E. 22nd St., New York City.  
(Advertisement.)

## AND HE DID

GOSH—I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING TO MAKE THIS CAR GO BUT IT WON'T! I'LL PUSH THIS LEVER AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

AND HE DID—

AND HE DID—

AND HE DID—

AND HE DID—

AND HE DID—

AND HE DID—